

Bacchanalia

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Bacchanalia

by [TrekFaerie](#)

Summary

Ford uses blood magic to visit his muse in the dream realm. He's not alone.

Notes

warnings are mostly a "just to be safe" thing. there's not a whole lot of violence. I WISH THERE WAS. I WISH I'D WRITTEN GORN. but that's for another time.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

A single anatomy class his freshman year was all he had to work with, as he closed his eyes and forced the knife into the pale flesh of his forearm.

Blood poured from the wound in thick rivulets, staining his shirtsleeves where he hadn't rolled the cloth up high enough. He pressed his fingers into the wound, hissing at the pain, until he'd gathered a good amount of blood on his fingertips.

And then, he began to draw.

He'd always used charcoal for his circles in the past, and found blood to be a rather poor medium for the job-- especially for the intricate, delicate swirls Bill had told him would be needed for the ceremony. He messed it up more than a few times, and nearly had to start from scratch more than once. It was using a lot more blood than he had thought it would, and his continual digging into the cut was making his head feel light.

He wasn't even sure what he was supposed to do after he finished! Bill hadn't told him to do anything else; no chants, no magic words, nothing...

A sudden dizzy spell hit him, and he fell unconscious in the circle, mere seconds before it began to glow...

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He recognized the Dreamscape immediately. He'd spent so much time in it recently that it was beginning to feel like home to him-- more than the shack in the woods had ever been, and perhaps even more than... He had no time to think about such things.

He wasn't alone.

There was Bill, of course; floating above him, single eye squinted into a kind of grin... But, there were others. He couldn't see them, but they were there. He could feel something, a force not unlike the grip of fingers, many fingers, pressing down on his arms, his legs, pulling him flat before Bill as if in prayer.

"Took ya long enough, Smart Guy!" Bill said with a laugh. "I was starting to think you'd never show up!"

"Bill, who else is here?" he asked, feeling suddenly... shy? He had spent the last hour mentally preparing himself for sex magic, and he was *shy*...? Well, to be fair to himself (and he so rarely was), he had only been expecting Bill. He'd been expecting an intimate connection between muse and protégé, God and worshiper, dream and dreamer... To invite others into such a relationship felt...

(Cheap. False. Sleazy.)

There was no turning back. His blood anchored him to the world of dreams, to Bill's world. It was what he had wanted, but not entirely what he had been promised. Still, the heat that colored his cheeks wasn't wholly from shame.

"Oh, relax! I just invited a few friends along, is all!" The pressure increased, angry red lines like claws forming over his arm as the sound of tearing cloth filled his ears. "That's what this whole shindig was for in the first place! I mean, it's not a real bridge between realities-- ya need something a bit more powerful than blood for that!-- but, it's close enough, right?"

The pressure moved up his bare thighs and formed a tight ring at the tip of his half-hard cock. "R-Right."

There was no sound in the Dreamscape, nothing but his heavy panting and light whines. "Aren't... Aren't you going to do anything?" he asked, question ending on a moan as something squeezed his balls nearly to the point of pain.

"Me? Nah! I like to watch."

He gave a full body shudder at that, not entirely unrelated to the raking nails on his chest, the groping hands pulling his ass open and pressing at the tight opening there. He looked down and saw the flesh ripple slightly as something landed an open palmed smack on his thigh.

Though he was hardly an expert on the subject, he wasn't sure what the invisible forces were doing to him could be considered penetration. He felt a slight stretch, a burn that made him ache for something more substantial, for movement of any kind. It wasn't enough, not nearly enough, and he found himself pressing back against it in frustration, Bill's peals of laughter ringing in his ears... It eventually began to focus entirely on his prostate, rubbing and pushing and scratching the rough spot until his eyes started to roll back into his head.

Bill hovered down closer to him, taking his head in his hands and examining him carefully, taking in the glossy eyes, the drool-slick chin, the mussed hair. He let go, letting the head drop, but brought it up again soon after-- with his cane. It nudged at his narrowly parted lips.

"Suck."

He didn't think twice. He brought the tip of the cane into his mouth, lavishing it with his tongue, bringing it deeper until it bumped the back of his throat and forced a croaking gag out of him. It was only then, with that final indignity, that he came explosively onto his own chest, his prostate milked by the pressure until what felt like every last drop of cum had been worked out of him.

The forces disappeared as sudden as they'd come, and he collapsed to the ground, breathing heavily. He heard Bill's laughter and an amused yet indignant, "Hey, don't go to sleep! The Dreamscape is no place for sleeping! Now," he said, as small feet, more solid than anything he had felt before, stepped onto his back, "who's ready for round two?"

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Fiddleford found his employer unconscious the next morning, buck naked with blood and spit and semen drying on his skin. The shallow wound on his arm still bled sluggishly onto the smeared mess that he, unfortunately, knew had been some kind of mystical symbol.

He covered Ford with a blanket and went home for the day. He didn't return his calls for a week.

End Notes

fun fact: the sigil Ford draws is the pentagram of Venus.

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